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$$\frac{10}{85} = \frac{2}{x}$$

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APRIL
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April, 1942

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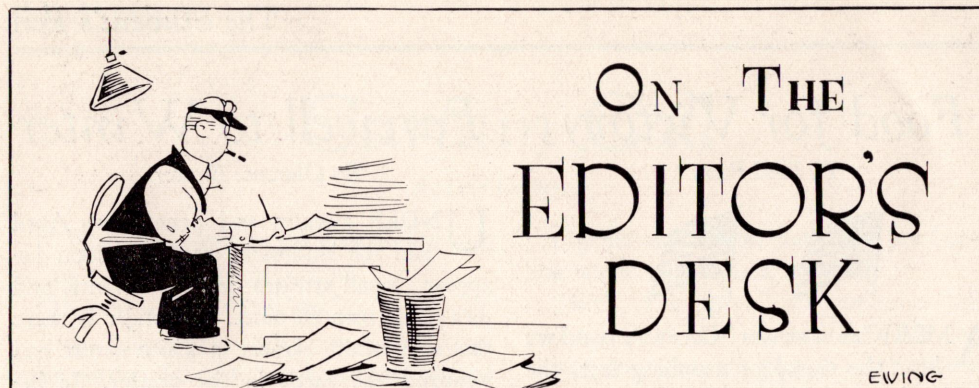
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Left to right: Pauline Volk, Margaret Maloney, Eleanor Eckerson, Jane Hearn, Phyllis Goodrich, Jean Stanley, Eleanor Madden, Elvera Gentile

THE JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM—VICTORS IN INTRAMURAL TOURNAMENT



The Call for More

By Modestino Criscitiello

AMERICA is at war! Her fighting forces have dashed into the thick of the fray. Her industries have girded themselves for war-time production, and her civilian population has been adjusting itself, as far as possible, to meet the sufferings and sacrifices which the future promises. While everyone about us is doing the utmost for National Defense, what have we P. H. S. students accomplished as our share in this job of winning the war?

First, we have regularly purchased Defense Saving Stamps, and soon many of us will have accumulated enough stamps to buy bonds. We have filled the Victory Salvage Bin several times, and almost all of us contributed effort in some part to make the recent Salvage Sunday program the success that it was. Most rooms have reached the one-hundred per cent mark in the Victory Book Campaign, and shortly Pittsfield High will receive its Civilian Defense Flag. Yet, upon glancing back over our defense efforts of the past two months, we experience a feeling of dissatisfaction. True, we have done much, but we can do more.

As each day passes, the war clouds grow darker. The mighty Thor, with his thunderbolts of hatred, would destroy all good that yet remains on this earth. The passionate

storm of strife and bloodshed threatens to snuff out the flame of democracy. This light must never die!

America is the chief torch-bearer in this struggle for liberty. At present, she seems unable to fulfill her destiny. It is evident that she must be better supplied with weapons to carry on the fight. All Americans must prepare for greater sacrifice and self-denial in the future. We students can buy more Defense Stamps; we can collect more scrap metal and newspapers. Those of us who own automobiles can get along with less gasoline and tire usage.

Yet, we cannot win the war through these methods alone. There is a far more important duty which we must perform—a duty which many of us seem to have overlooked. It must be considered an obligation to take advantage of the educational opportunities offered to us. A surprising number of students have been "easing up" on their studies lately. True, it is difficult to give close attention to monotonous school lessons when the whole world is aflame. Yet, that is the very reason why we should apply ourselves more diligently to our school work. A sound, well-balanced education is extremely vital to the insurance of world peace and security after this frightful war is over.

Food for Victory

By Paul Perry



AMERICA is at war! On every hand we hear the tramp of marching feet, the rumble of tanks and guns, the busy whirr of machines turning out arms and more arms, guns, ships, and planes with which the United Nations can beat the Axis.

And we hear other noises, too. The clacking of mowers, threshers, reapers, the hum of mills grinding grain, the noise of farm workers all over the country producing food—food for our armies, for our allies, for our workers, food to win the war. And these farms are calling—calling you. They need your help to produce the food we must have to smash the Axis. With so many workers in the army, there is a labor shortage on the farms. Many farmers have been left virtually stranded by the draft, and that is where we fit into the picture.

On thousands of farms all over the country, tens of thousands of high school boys will be helping to fill in the gap left by our tremendous military enrollment. Without the help of young people, the production of food is liable to decrease this summer, instead of increasing, as it should. It's up to us to see that it doesn't. What do you say, students? Help to Keep 'Em Flying by Helping to Keep 'Em Supplying. The pitchfork is just as essential a weapon of war as the dive bomber. You can help win the war by relieving the farm labor shortage. Let's all pitch in and help to slap down the Japs. And remember—beans are just as important as bullets, because without the beans, our boys can't keep dishing out the bullets.

Farewell to Winter

By Clarence Brower

UNDER a warm and penetrating April sun the landmarks of winter soon disappear. Small streams become torrents, and dirt roads turn to mud. No longer is there that solid white blanket in which nature had wrapped the earth in the winter. It becomes, like the blanket of life, worn through in some places, thin in others, as time passes by. Ugly stumps of last year's grass poke through here and there; roads that were encased in ice all season again appear, the frost oozing from them in the warm sunlight. Good-by, winter! Spring is here.

Good-by to skiing, the most thrilling sport of the season. No more tingling cheeks as you skim down the ski runs. No more breath-taking, thrill-packed rides down almost unconquerable slopes to your own joy and to the amazement of the spectators. No more Christy's, Galandesprung's, Jump Turn's, Stem's, and Break's. Gone are the down-hill and the slalom, and the jumping meets that drew participants from all sections of the country. Yes, the grass is free to grow again, to cover the hillside with a new wrap, this time, a green one. Good-by winter, spring is here.

Good-by to isolated houses and impassable roads, made so by drifting snow. Good-by to back breaking labor that kept paths and drives open in the worst storms. Good-by to the snow men and snow huts so well-loved by the children. Good-by to sleigh rides that brought joy to youngsters and memories to oldsters. Good-by to hikes made memorable by the breathtaking beauty of the snow-laden woodland. Good-by to chains, de-frosters, and sanding crews; to heavy blankets, ear muffs, and mittens. Good-by winter! Spring is here!

Curtain Call

By Lois Dickert

"There's someone at the door to see you, ma'am. He says it's important."

"Dinner is served, ma'am."

I was talking to my reflection in the living-room mirror. I cleared my throat and tackled it again.

"There's someone at the door—"

A jangling doorbell was ironically coincidental in its ringing. I answered its impatient summons.

"Well, well!" I exclaimed when I saw the tall, smiling blonde young man without, "if it isn't Jeffrey Conte!"

"If it isn't, my dear Miss Spence, then somebody's been kidding me for a long time."

I laughed at his foolishness and held the door wide open. "Come on in, Jeff."

Jeff Conte was director of this year's Spring Play and I had exactly two lines in it. But I was thrilled even about that little part.

"To what do I owe the honor of this visit?" I inquired of him.

"The play tonight." A frown contracted his eyebrows.

I suddenly became alarmed. "Oh, Jeff, what's happened?"

The frown deepened. "It's Karen Hayes. She—"

"Karen Hayes!" I interrupted. "But she's got the lead!"

"Don't I know it," he groaned. "But only too well. She called me up earlier this morning. 'O, Jeff,' she said, 'I'm terribly sorry but I woge ub this bordig with the bost wicked code id the 'ead. I don't know whud I'b goig to do todight'."

He took the unfortunate Karen off to such perfection that I couldn't help laughing. "That must have been funny."

"Funny!" he cried. "Ida Lou, it was tragic."

I agreed with him on that point, but I urged him not to beat around the bush.

"Well, I happened to remember what you'd said at one of the rehearsals about having gone over the play so much that you knew the whole thing inside out and could do anybody's part. I've built my hopes on that." His eyes pleaded with me. "You aren't going to let me down, are you?"

"Your worries are at an end," I told him with brazen confidence. "Fortunately, I have learned the whole lead. I read a story once in which a girl with a part as small as mine had sense enough to learn the lead just in case such an emergency arose. I got my idea from that."

"Thank goodness," Jeff breathed. "Well, let's get busy."

So we spent the rest of the morning (and a good part of the afternoon) rehearsing, and all the while I was getting more and more nervous . . .

* * * *

The tickets and programmes said:

To Be Presented At 8:30 P. M.

April 12, 1942

Jeff Conte told the cast: "Be here at seven o'clock sharp."

I arrived a little before six thirty.

Karen Hayes hadn't yet arrived by 7:15 and I was getting terribly excited over my big chance, but at 7:16 she breezed in with a bright smile and cheery word for everybody backstage. And my heart very neatly but very painfully slipped down into my shoes.

"I tried absolutely every remedy I could think of to clear up a head-cold," she was telling Jeff, "and then kept it up all day long." She smiled gaily. "You see, it worked wonderfully."

Well, that was no lie. There was barely a trace of the cold left, and she spoke in a perfectly normal voice. I was horribly disappointed. I was back where I'd started—with two lines.

"There's someone at the door to see you, ma'am. He says it's important."

"Dinner is served, ma'am."

So insignificant . . .

Both lines came in the first act, one very near the beginning, the other the last line of the act. While I was waiting in the wing of the stage for my second cue, I saw Jeff suddenly start to beat his head with his hands and groan.

I was astounded at such an unseemly action.

"Jeff!" I exclaimed in a horrified whisper. "What in the world's the matter?"

"The play isn't going over," he wailed. "Half the gags aren't taking as they should. Oh, brother!" He emitted another groan.

I had noticed it, too, but I had been afraid to admit it even to myself. But now Jeff had put the thought into words—cold, meaningful words that spelled failure for the play.

I became preoccupied, but Jeff snatched me back with "There's your cue," and he pushed me onto the stage. For one sickening moment I forgot the line and then, suddenly, I blurted out: "Server is dinned, ma'am!"

The response was instantaneous—the audience roared. As for me, in my utter embarrassment I cried out, "Jimminy crickets! I mean dinner is served, ma'am," and fled from the stage. Blinded by tears, I made my way to the dressing room with some difficulty. Tears of deepest humiliation streamed down my face and stained my cheeks the moment I closed the door behind me. Then someone was knocking at it. I didn't answer.

Jeff's voice reached me from the other side of the door. "Ida Lou! Congratulations! You were wonderful."

I thought bitterly, "He's being sarcastic." And the thought only made the tears fall faster. So I refused to see him.

He came back a while later. "Please, Ida Lou," he pleaded through the closed door, "let me in."

The tears trickled down my cheeks less frequently now and I felt better, so I let him in. He actually looked radiant and his eyes were sparkling, I didn't understand why. I became aggravated at him.

"After all, Jeff, you don't have to look so happy about it!" And my chin quivered threateningly.

"But I *am* happy about it!" he beamed. "The play's a howling success now, and it's all due to you."

I echoed incredulously, "Due to me?"

"Sure," he said. "You put the audience in the right mood. We've practically got them rolling in the aisles."

I smiled at him then and sighed ecstatically. "And it's all due to me. Jimminy crickets!"

THE CALL OF SPRING

By Phyllis Leonard '42

Through patches of snow
Reluctant to go,
Are daffodils peeping,
Awakened from sleeping.

With spring breezes sighing,
A snowman stands dying,
His white mantle falling;
For Springtime is calling.

Green grass starts growing,
Its tiny blades showing
The joy of rebirth
In the awakening earth.

And high in the sky,
Blue clouds sailing by
Join in the new song—
That winter is gone.

A CHALLENGE TO YOUTH

By June Parker

We have a challenge; yes, a dare—a whole new world to build,
The Youth to-day must wash away the blood that has been spilled.
We've got to face the future with heads high and shoulders square,
For we are carpenters who have a torn world to repair.
We must not flinch; we must be strong because we cannot fail;
For future generations we shall blaze a clean, safe trail.
Our children's children will not have such bloodshed, heartbreak, tears,
Their lives will not be darkened by war tragedies and fears.
It's up to us, the youth to-day, to write a guarantee
So that mankind in years to come will have a world that's free.
We've got to sink the battleships on all the seven seas,
Break up the tanks, the planes, the bombs, the submarines,—all these.
We cannot see that longed-for peace till guns are thrown away,
No peace unless we buckle down to WORK for peace each day.
We'll guard against those sad mistakes our forefathers have made,
Our task's a long one, but we're young; let's face it, unafraid!
These trials through which we're passing now, we surely won't forget;
We will accept our challenge, and we'll build a new world yet!

SPECIAL DELIVERY TO THE EASTER BUNNY

By June Parker

Oh, yes, I got a lot of things on Christmas Day, 'tis true—
Fine letter paper that was white, and paper that was blue,
I got some pink pajamas, some candy, and a purse,
A school bag, and a powder puff, a book of English verse;
I wrote a note to Santa Claus for all the things he brought,
And yet the thing I wanted most, old Santa Claus forgot!

So now, dear Easter bunny, I am writing you my plea;
I'm asking you to bring that thing which is so dear to me.
I do not want an Easter hat; I don't want you to bring
A lot of choc'lates, jewels, clothes, or some cheap, flashy thing.
The gift that I am wishing for won't take up any space
Inside your Easter basket filled with eggs and paper lace,
For it is something priceless, something nobody can touch,
A thing that nobody can see, and yet which means so much.
My bunny friend, please bring me news of peace on earth again,
The news that always through the world we'll have good will toward men,
Just one last word before I close,—please promise that you'll not
Forget this most important gift which Santa Claus forgot!

Fields at Dawn

By Barbara Barrett

Fields at Dawn, one of the paintings by Warner Bentley on exhibition at the Farriday Galleries, was a subtle impression of rural tranquillity—strangely compelling.

To Mary Ellsworth it was a symbol of her girlhood, flooding into her consciousness a thousand poignant memories

Perhaps it was because she had been so completely happy there that Morrisville seemed more like a dream than the town in which she had spent the first seventeen of her thirty-two years. And yet to belie the unreality, she remembered vividly every incident: the homely sound of cowbells at dusk; muddy April paths; apple trees bursting into fragrant white fire; July, lying hot and shimmering over parched fields; the place in the river where the water was coolest and deepest, and a great elm hung low over the stream; crisp red apples; conflagration of autumn; neat shocks of corn with bright, frosty pumpkins beneath; cold, clear winter nights—snow, white and sparkling; merry voices of children on sleds and skis; crackling fires and buttered popcorn and apples.

She stood before the painting, remembering more precious personal experiences: confused heat and bustle in the kitchen on Thanksgiving; church services in the little white chapel; Christmas; the siege of scarlet fever—how patient her mother had been through the interminable months of quarantine; her first school play and her terror in the leading role; haphazard piano lessons—she had wanted to study ballet; the awe and reverence she had felt toward Nyla, a girl from Boston who spent her summers at

Morrisville; her first dance—how awkward and silly she had been; her sixteenth summer when the "Little Theatre" had invaded her serenity; the high school play that year in which she had taken the part of the heroine.

Her father had turned crimson with rage at her timid suggestion that she would like to study dramatics in Boston. Her mother had wept when Mary's train had puffed out of sight toward the city.

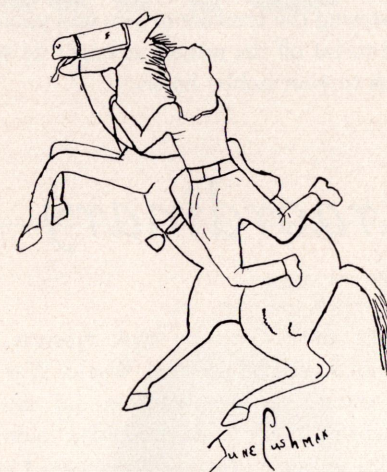
And that was the end of Morrisville for Mary Ellsworth. There followed four years of intense, exhaustive training, long rehearsals, and stuffy classrooms. She had not gone home summers: she had joined the "Red Barn Theatre Guild", whose headquarters were at Chelsea. Then after she had completed her course at the school—a talent scout discovered her at one of the "Red Barn" plays—she had become Ronylie Bruce and had started on the bottom rung of a long ladder.

Now, after fifteen years, she had reached her goal: her name was synonymous with serious drama in America; she had toured the world; triumphantly claiming it her own. What more was there to wish for? Ronylie Bruce—inspiration for a million stage-struck girls!

Slowly she walked from the Farriday Galleries, up Varney Street. At the corner she stopped for a moment in hesitation, then quickly proceeded down Easton Avenue, entering a large, noisy marble building. She approached the wicket and said, almost in a whisper, "One to Morrisville, Vermont, please."

The Gentle Art of Horsemanship

By Jean Peirson



HAVING surveyed a horse from all angles (including the ground) I believe that for its own betterment, the General Public ought to have a more extensive knowledge of The Horse, and the mounting, riding, and controlling thereof.

The Horse is a mammoth animal with a saddle on his back and two silly pieces of leather, called reins, in his mouth. By means of these reins, one allegedly has control over his horse, although I have found that grasping the horse around the neck has more effect.

A complete riding attire is essential. I usually start off equipped with gloves, pillows, spurs, a whip, and a gun (this is for shooting mice and chipmunks that might frighten the horse).

Mounting is very important. Unless this is done properly, you will not get the best results, and your ride is apt to be spoiled. The correct technique is thus: facing due east, you put one foot in one stirrup. (It doesn't matter which foot, and I never did find out the right side to start on. You end

up on top, anyway.) Now for the actual mounting. Bracing yourself for a shock, you clutch your steed and heave your other leg over his back. By the "other leg", I mean the one that was on the ground. Incidentally, if you kick the horse's head, you will know that you started on the wrong side and really should begin over again.

After you are mounted, your cue now is to sigh, thus allowing your horse to settle himself. Your sigh can be prompted by any of a number of things, such as weariness, pleasure, or just plain exhaustion. Now you put your gloves on, survey the world about you, tangle your hands up in the reins (any old way will do) and you're ready. Never say, "Ready for what?", for if you only knew, you wouldn't have been so foolish as to start in the first place.

Prodding the horse gently, (Be careful of those spurs!) you walk majestically off. Well, he walks and you just sway from side to side. Don't be discouraged though, because you'll need all your grit. Giving the horse a change of pace and yourself another worry, you kick him again, and you are now on page two, concerning trotting (Note to beginners—this is the point where pillows come in handy. Might I suggest swansdown?—they're very soft, and horses are not allergic to feathers.)

As for posting, you grip the saddle hard with your knees and raise the rest of your body from the saddle and then lower it again, very gently. Of course, for the first ten years or so of riding, the horse just flings you around the way he wants to.

No, jerking the reins does not make the horse more docile; it rather tends to annoy him. He may even turn around and glare at you.

I shall not discuss the proper technique of cantering, since if your mount gets the nasty notion to run away with you, you will soon become proficient in the art. (The art of cantering or of falling off?)

I have found that there are only two possible circumstances when I fall off—either with or without an ambulance present.

If there is a waiting ambulance, be sure to keep your elbows in, as you look more graceful that way.

This, I think, about covers the subject of The Horse. If you have any great difficulty in mastering the creature or you find yourself forced to eat off the mantel, it might be wise to stick to your hobby horse.

Investigator Extraordinary

By Thom Fehily

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Dr. C. Ray Hansen, the subject of the following article, was our assembly speaker on April 8.)

IF you are interested in the Fifth Column's activities in the United States, Dr. C. Ray Hansen is the man to see. For the last two years he has, with a group of agents, investigated the use of the Fifth Column in Europe, the South American countries and Mexico, and has applied the knowledge so gained to stamp out the Fifth Column in the United States.

Dr. Hansen is well equipped for such a great undertaking, for though he looks like the "peaceful type", he is, from his past record, a man capable of keeping the underworld on the jump. He was the man back of the racket cleanup in Chicago in 1938, being at that time Prosecuting Attorney, and adopted the role of undercover investigator to gain the information necessary for a conviction. At one time he came too close to the rackets and was taken for the proverbial ride from which he barely escaped with his life.

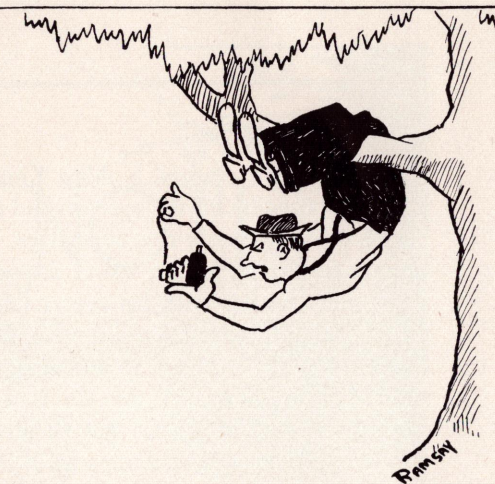
After the Chicago case he decided to follow up the Fifth Column and find out as much about it as he could. He found that its origin was in Madrid during the Spanish Civil War, but that it attained no great im-

portance until Germany took Norway by means of it at the start of World War II. After tracing down its sources and uses in the place of its birth, he proceeded to South America where he further investigated both the German and Japanese undercover squads. While the Germans and German-born people are more active in creating disunion among the South Americans, the Japanese have the better undercover squads. He found these undercover agents scattered throughout the whole of South America with greatest concentration along the coast where they maintain "fishing fleets". This fleet extends from Chile to Alaska and is used for sounding depths, making notes on shipbuilding, and sabotage.

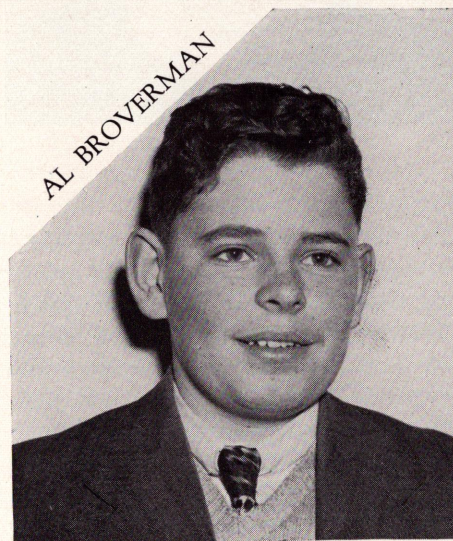
Dr. Hansen discovered many Fifth Column activities in the United States and has suggested some ways in which we can help in their prevention. The main objective of these foreign agents is to create mob hysteria during blackouts. They accomplish this by screaming in congested areas under cover of the darkness and by disrupting communication systems in the protective darkness.

If we keep our eyes and ears attentive and report such actions immediately, we can reduce the Fifth Column to an absolute zero.

WHO'S WHO



AL BROVERMAN



IDEAL PUPIL

Short, brunette, and shy is a vague, but accurate description of Junior Ring Chairman, Al Broverman.

Al's diet isn't limited to any one food, but he thinks chicken fricassee is "mighty tasty."

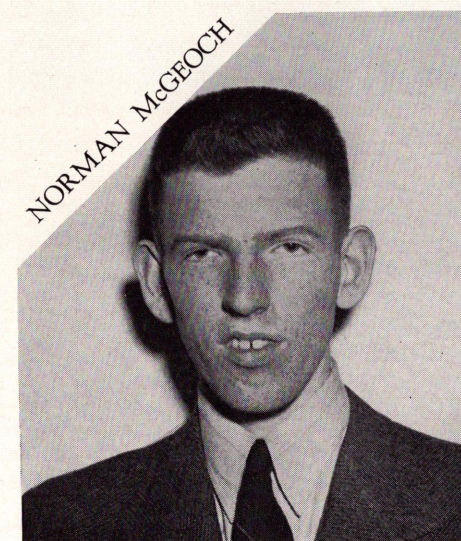
Although Al claims he likes English best, he also excels in all his other subjects.

Al's ambition is to own a plane; and, perhaps, when he does, it will be equipped with a radio so that he can enjoy his favorite pastime, listening to "hot" jazz bands, while gliding through the clouds.

POTENTIAL PRESIDENT 1966

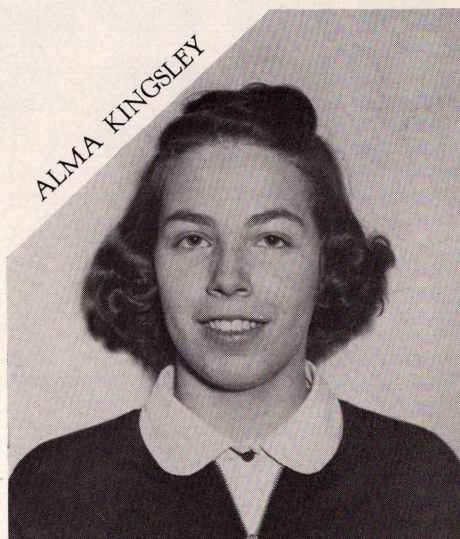
Presenting the red haired senator from Massachusetts, his honor Norman McGeoch. Miss Kaliher's brightest (faced) student. His pet subjects are History and English. He is a member of the Cap and Gown Committee, Ticket Committee and will be a doorman for the operetta. Norman's favorite pastime is listening to Bob Hope—that's where he gets all his jokes. He has no favorite dish, but he loves oranges and root beer. Norman is just shy of six feet and has a beautiful crop of red hair. The senator makes friends easily and should not lack support for his presidential campaign in 1966.

NORMAN MCGEOCH



"STUBS, PLEASE"

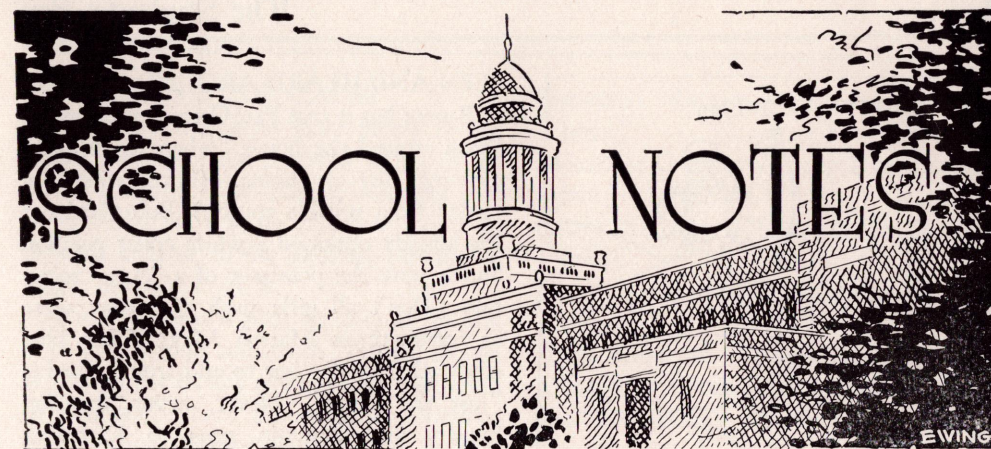
This, my dear readers, is Alma Kingsley, chairman of ushers for the operetta and member of the senior class ring committee. You can see the reason for her sweet disposition when you find her with her favorite foods, candy and ice cream, in hand. She favors chemistry when it comes to studying. Her future plans, however, are directed not toward the field of science but to physical training. An active participant in many sports, Alma now writes about them for that section of the 1942 yearbook.

**TENOR**

Hey, folks! meet Calvin Tainter, holder of the romantic role in "Iolanthe" and member of the Glee Club. "Cal" has a soft spot for brunettes and chocolate pies, but doesn't think very highly of this homework idea. Cal's hobby is model airplanes, but he wants to be a great singer some day.

JENNY LIND II

Presenting Florence Gomes in the role of "Iolanthe". Flo as nicknamed by her friends, revels in all types of sports, but skating ranks first. She lists among her likes chocolates and brunettes! Her school activities are Glee Club, a Capella choir, and, of course, operetta. Singing is her hobby, and English, her favorite class. Flo plans to become an English teacher and maybe sometime she'll be ready for matrimony (Just have patience, boys!)



EDITOR: Gloria Cushman

ASSOCIATE EDITORS: Florence Ward, Irene Cooney, June Cushman

SENIOR NOTES

At a Senior Class meeting held in March, finances were discussed. Miss Kaliher said the price of the Yearbook would be slightly higher than it has been in previous years, due to the increased cost of paper and printing materials.

In a very few days a meeting of the Senior Class Council will be held to nominate chairmen for class day and the banquet, events which will climax our social life at P. H. S. As has been the custom for the last few years, the banquet will be held in the gymnasium, and will definitely be formal.

JUNIOR NOTES

The members of the Junior Class were recently measured for their rings, and the first ring order opened the week of April 1st and closed the following week. There will be only one ring order this year, the Metal Arts Company having agreed to have all rings of the first order made up and sent to the committee before the close of school.

The members of the Junior Class Council have been acting as the Good Will Committee and have sent gifts to Shirley O' Malley, Bernice Garrity, Janet Prodgers and Dorothy McChyn, who were recently confined to hospitals.

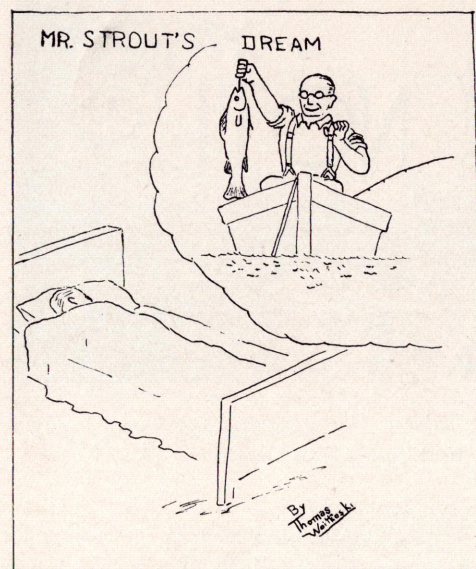
For all those who have been waiting for the announcement of the date for the Junior Prom, Mr. Conroy and Miss Bulger have decided upon May 15 in the evening in the school gymnasium. The chairman, and all the members of the committees, will be announced by the Council at a later date.

"THEY FLOAT THROUGH THE AIR"

On March 30, the senior boys began a compulsory course in aeronautics which will be given in the auditorium every day during a special "A" period for the remainder of the school year. Since there are no textbooks available, lectures are given at these classes by Mr. Theodore Herberg, the instructor. After each lecture a quiz is given.

Several teachers—as well as the senior boys—are studying with Mr. Herberg so that this fundamental knowledge can be taught to all boys of high school age in our school next fall. This instruction will benefit all boys, as they will be expected to enter the armed forces as soon as they become of age.

America knows that thousands of flyers are necessary to win the war, and we at P. H. S. are doing our part.



MR. STROUT—APRIL 15

Advice to the Sorely Tried
When the world with madness teems,
Seek sanity along trout streams.

LET THE MEN DO IT

It is now quite evident that the male professors at P. H. S. did not approve of Miss Kaliher's excellent idea for cooperation on Salvage Sunday. In fact, a teacher in the vicinity of 104 gave a brilliant speech in behalf of his fellow men. Historians who heard it say it was the greatest oration since the time of Patrick Henry, and never in a hundred years will such a declaration be repeated. Of course, all teachers didn't act in the open as did this one. Some showered salvageable gifts (???) upon Miss Kaliher so they might "start the drive off with a bang." Whether they did clean house on that eventful Sunday will never be known but the "Battle of the Sexes" is now in full swing at our dear old Alma Mater.

SEEN AND HEARD AROUND SCHOOL

Rumor has it that Paul Garnish is quite the "man around the house" when it comes to cleaning day at home. (Information obtained from reliable source.) Bob Gardener has already obtained a white collar position and is now the possessor of a "cute" secretary. Don't all girls wish that they were as fortunate as Marion May? That blue coupe that brings her to and from school is "just the thing". Never, never, mention biology and fountain pens to Katherine McClelland. We have heard that they are touchy subjects . . . Mary Harwood was looking quite herself the other day. Reason: Wesleyan was having its spring vacation. Joseph Condron will always remember to keep his feet securely on the floor when he studies in the library. There is a rumor around school that the Junior Prom will be informal, but don't fret, for Mr. Conroy and Miss Bulger haven't even thought of it. We hope we're not giving them ideas. Miss Kaliher tried to sell one of the contributions for Salvage Sunday to Mr. McGovern. (It was a vehicle usually having four wheels—this one had three—used for the purpose of pushing a baby). April Fool's Day came and passed at P. H. S. with no drastic results reported . . . Irene Cooney has finally finished that green sweater she has been knitting, but Helen Dagnault is still going strong . . . Margaret Gruder is preparing for the warm weather by getting her spring hair-do arranged early . . . Gloria Granfield is trying to live according to the rules of a Connecticut Yankee (and it's not Rudy Vallee). Mr. McLaughlin was amazed when he found his car minus a tire and rim the other night! The student body will long remember the basketball game between the students and the men teachers. The teachers stole the show, and the game, too. A return engagement should be requested.

"WE GIVE TO THE CAUSE"

There are only nine more rooms in the school who have not received 100% in the book collection. The office is doing its part by contributing text books which might be of some interest to the soldiers, but are no longer in use at P. H. S.

There has been a great increase in the sale of defense stamps and bonds. For the month of March the faculty and students purchased approximately nine thousand six hundred dollars worth, making the total from January 12 until April 1, thirteen thousand one hundred and fifty nine dollars. It gives us great pleasure to think that our money may help in driving the German submarines from the Atlantic or in the regaining of the Philippines or of Java by the Allies in the Pacific.

MINUTE INTERVIEWS!

Changes are taking place throughout the world, and they are undoubtedly on a large scale. We students at P. H. S. would prefer some changes which—while they wouldn't affect the entire world—would make our school life a "Utopia". Step right up to speak for your "Constitutional Rights". Let everyone voice his opinion.

PAUL KNOLLMEYER—"To have Mr. Herberg's extra special, super deluxe credit examples radically simplified."

BETTY LEAVITT—"To have a 'small fry' transformed into a glowing 'six-footer.'"

INEZ HORTH—"Blondes done away with! But fast!!!"

DONALD RADKE—"To have a Model Railroad Course introduced at P. H. S."

MICKY YON—"Gossip changed."

FRANCIS FOLEY—"Someone to push my instrument to school on band rehearsal day."

SHIRLEY PERRY—"Students should be allowed to leave the premises during lunch hour."

RUTH BOOS—"More space between lockers."

ELIZABETH KELLAR—"Fashion shows for boys."

MALCOLM CARSLEY—"Fourth period study hall—it's wicked."

HELEN WILLIAMS—"Style books in study halls!"

JOSEPH CONDRON—"Stationary library chairs!"

ANNE ANDREWS—"Abolishment of a major headache (United States History)."

BILLY BRODERICK—"A siesta so we can bask in the sunlight."

BARBARA CONROY—"Windows that are locked on rainy days so my hair will keep the curl."

JOE RUSCETTA—"No spies in the cafeteria so food may be smuggled upstairs."

HELEN BENEDICT—"Less complicated U. S. History books."

BILLY LITTY—"My seat changed in fourth period study hall. (Miss Daly take note, please!)"

The teachers also desire a few changes:—

MR. MURRAY—"Pupils to stop yelling, talking and whispering."

MISS PREDIGER—"A definite change in the student's attitude toward his homework."

MISS MCCORMICK—"The hour of arrival is too early."

MR. REYNOLDS—"To have Amuso removed and an office erected in his place."

MISS HODGES—"Boys to do their vocal rehearsing out of doors."

MR. RYAN—"Let well enough alone."

MISS WILLIS—"The boys to take *Home Economics*."

MR. C. MURPHY—"Too many girls in the Commercial Course."

MRS. PIERCE—"Lunch hour—so I can get away at noon."

MR. LEAHY—"Nothing in particular."

MISS KALIHAR—"The pupil's minds."

MISS MURPHY—"The students."

MR. INNIS—"More co-operation with the teachers."

MOTION PICTURE CLUB

The Motion Picture Club reviewed "Joe Smith, American," "Dangerously They Live," "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," and "Suspicion" for the month of March.

Topics were as follows: Grace Heyn, the plot of "Dangerously They Live"; Patricia Watson, the plot of "Joe Smith, American"; Ethel Banner, comments on "Lives of A Bengal Lancer"; Betty Nagleschmidt, character sketch of Richard Cromwell as Stone in "Lives of A Bengal Lancer"; Grace Jaffe, outstanding scenes in "Suspicion," and Betty Horrelly, comments on "Joe Smith, American".

!!COMING ATTRACTIONS!!

On May 18, Lane K. Newberry will come from Chicago to let us in on a few secrets on "How Artists Get That Way". This promises to be one of the best assemblies of the year, and those who possess S. A. S. tickets may consider themselves fortunate.

PITTSFIELD HIGH DEBATING CLUB
DISCUSSES WITH LEE

On Tuesday, April 11th, the P. H. S. Debating Club visited Lee High School to take part in a panel discussion on the subject, "What the War Means to Us." Those of the Pittsfield team who participated in the formal discussion were Charles Alberti, Donald Feigenbaum, Paul Perry, William Hughes, Day Brigham, Roger Decker, and Chester Lathrop. Esther Green, Dorothy Wade, Anna Walak, Roland Jones and Florence Dressman took part in the discussion from the floor. William Kelly, president of the P. H. S. Debating Club, was the main speaker for Pittsfield. William Grogan of Lee was chairman of the program.

After the assembly, the two teams were entertained with a dinner, and in the afternoon members of the Pittsfield group were conducted on a tour around the building.

This discussion with Lee proved to be very successful, and a similar panel is planned to be held with Williamstown High in the near future.

Miss M. Clarisse Taylor is adviser for the Lee team, and Mr. McGovern coached the Pittsfield group.



By William Deminoff

Thirteen well-known correspondents have banded together to evolve an engrossing book called *We Saw It Happen*. As its introduction states, the book wishes to present a cross-section of twentieth century civilization. Each correspondent is an expert in his field and gives an excellent account of an event which he saw take place. The foreign scene, the stage, screen, and playing field are exceedingly well handled and the volume goes far beyond gaining its objective.

A new type of pictorial history of the present war is achieved in the all-picture book *Britain at War*, edited by Monroe Wheeler and text by the famous poet, T. S. Eliot. It is the war as seen and interpreted by eminent painters, cartoonists, and photographers who contribute a wealth of excellent and interesting pictures of sea-fights, air duels, and land maneuvers.

The Anchored Heart by Ida Treat should serve very well in ridding many of us of the still-prevalent complacency as regards the present war. It is a story of heartbreak and anguish visited upon a peaceful Brittany island by the invading Nazi horde. From this island the scene dramatically changes to Paris as it falls amid terrible tragedy and makes one feel the despair and devastation that could befall our own nation should we fail to halt the Axis.

For further reading:

I Live on Air by A. A. Schecter.

Scandinavia by Alma L. Olson.

Hawaii by Sidney Clark.

Good Neighbors by Hubert Herring.



HOCKEY SQUAD 1941-1942

1st row: left to right—Ronald Marshall, William Troy, Robert Zoff, Francis Singer, Joseph Carmody, John McCarron, Raymond Marchetto, Raymond Del Gallo.

2nd row: left to right—Edward Martin, John Evans, Alfred Boudreau, William Bailey, Capt. William King, David Brigham, John Carmody, William Bunt, William Rice

3rd row: left to right—Peter Vacchina, John Maloy, Edward Bushi, Chester Lathrop, Allan Stillman, Henry Flynn, Kenyon Ferry, Coach John Carmody

BASKETBALL REVIEW—1941-1942

By Anthony Tagliente

The fighting purple-clad hoopsters of Pittsfield High were defeated by Searles in the first game of the season. Who would have known that they would rise to the heights of stardom? Who would have known that they would enter the triple tie for the Northern Berkshire League and come out second best in the playoffs?

Time passes and the season marches on! Pittsfield, like a great juggernaut, rumbles on over smaller opponents, until the first Drury game, and, then defeat. The next game, and again defeat. Pittsfield struggles with all her ferocity against Adams, but goes down in

the closing minutes. There is no sign of greatness.

In February Pittsfield steam-rollers through all her smaller opposition until the Drury game arrives with, according to the experts, defeat certain. But there is a glimmer of hope, for Adams the previous week had defeated Drury in a close game, and whatever man has done, man can do! The fateful night brings great victory for the fighting lads of Pittsfield High. Then the blitzkrieg continues, and six days later, largely through the excellent shooting of Naughton, Adams falls victim by a score of 33-32.

For the first time in the season, Pittsfield is in the basketball spot-light. Seeming at first only a mediocre team, she blossoms out

late in the season into a power-house. The result—a triple tie in the Northern Berkshire League. In the play-offs Adams draws the bye. Pittsfield defeats Drury in the finals and Adams noses out Pittsfield 34-28.

Captain George Henderson and Ted Mezejewski, who played very well all season, were chosen for the all-Berkshire Basketball team of 1942.

FACULTY TEACHES STUDENTS A LESSON

By Frank Lagrotteria and Tony Tagliente

March 27 (SP). March 27 started out as a nice day for most of us, but ended with a disheartening crash for the young HI-Y team that had indulged in those dangerous, untouchable commodities, overconfidence and underestimation in a game with the Pittsfield faculty.

The game started out with plenty of zip and zest, with the younger generation pushing the old boys around quite a bit. The youngsters used their speed and agility to good purpose, but they lost out in the long run, due to the fact that the faculty made up for their lack of speed and practice by using their hands, or should I say hams, and superior weight to the best advantage.

This was no ordinary basketball game; it was combination of football and basketball, and the capacity crowd of students got a year's supply of laughs in about two hours flat.

After numerous attempts to score, "Wear-the-hoop-out McNiece," as he was known in the old days, and now the terror of the truants, dropped a neat one in from the side lines. This launched the teachers' spring-offensive, and the old boys started using the "straight-arm" to hold off the, by this time, bewildered students, while they took turns wearing out the hoop. During all the hustle

and bustle of the game, Mr. Leahy dropped his gum, picked it up as if it were the ball, and put it back in its previous place.

Toward the end of the game the HI-Y boys tried to reinstate themselves, but to no avail. They were closely checked in their attempts, and we do mean closely!!

However, perspiration flew constantly among the faculty boys, and they had to work hard for their victory. The final score was 27 to 22.

TRACKTIME

By Richard Carpino

As springtime made the turn on the seasonal speedway of 1942, tracktime paced its way into the sport cycle of the year.

The tracksters of P. H. S. have abandoned their "hibernation" quarters and begun maneuvers for the new campaign.

Many of the recruits who have answered to the track call this year seem to have the ability to help the "vets" keep the Purple and White banner unfurled on the track field of action.

The track season of last year proved to be quite fruitful as the P. H. S. trackmen chalked up admirable feats, some in the form of record-breakers. Many heroes were honored for distinguished service while in the line of action. This year numerous rookies will be breveted for outstanding duty performed in combat.

Under the guidance of Coach Carmody and the efficient leadership of Captain Witham, the P. H. S. track team is slated to partake in the following meets:

Pittsfield at Berkshire

Pittsfield at Drury

Pittsfield at Greenfield

Pittsfield at Springfield in the Western Massachusetts Championship meet



SKI TEAM

Back Row: Edward Jadatz, Clarence Brower, Malcolm Carsley, Harding Whitham, Boris Grechan
Front Row: Robert Rash, Wesley Ashley, Gordon Milne

P. H. S. SKIS TO SPLIT-SECOND WIN

The members of the Pittsfield High Ski Team thoroughly believe in split-second timing. On February 28, the squad beat Deerfield Academy by the narrow margin of four-tenths of a point in total scoring for downhill, cross-country and slalom, thereby winning the Berkshire Interscholastic Championship Meet. Eight schools participated.

The downhill race was run on the Ghost Trail just before noon. Malcolm Carsley of P. H. S. sped down the trail to win by almost three seconds. Wesley Ashley, fifth, Ed Jadatz, tenth, Boris Grechan, and Harding Whitham comprised the team, winning this first event easily. Clarence Brower connected with an oak tree, but managed to finish on a broken ski.

The slalom race was run on the Lulu Slope in the afternoon, and was also won very easily

by Carsley. He was timed at 48 seconds for the tricky 17-gate course. However, the team did not fare as well in this event, and finished second to Deerfield.

Led by Malcolm Carsley, captain of the team, Mr. Leahy's boys ran the three-mile cross-country course, through the birch-studded slopes of Pine Mountain, to finish well in first place. Carsley, fighting for his third successive win, ran the route in twenty minutes—46 seconds faster than number two man. By winning the cross-country race, Carsley took possession of the Besse-Clarke Trophy, which is awarded annually.

The ski team sincerely thanks Mr. Leahy of the faculty, for his fine job of coaching. Mr. George F. Maynard of the Mount Greylock Ski Club was chairman of the meet, and did excellent work in laying out the courses.



GIRLS' SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Front Row: Dorothy Miller, Kathryn Montelzone, Jennie Morowski, Alma Kingsley
Back Row: Georgia Diamond, Wanda Woitkowski, Ann Kennedy, Anna Woitkowski

GIRLS' SPORTS

By Patricia Fallon

BASKETBALL

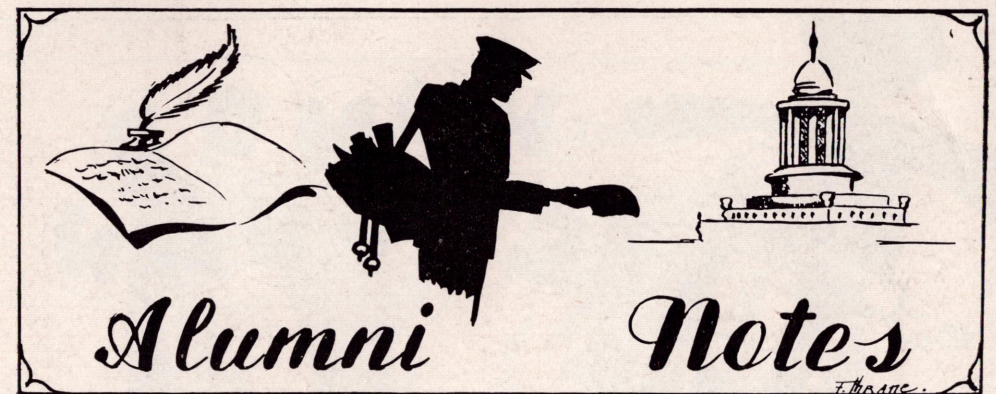
When the Round Robin Tournament was completed in February, girls were picked to represent their class in the Inter Class Tournament. The captains of the teams are as follows: Sophomore, Joan Castranova; Junior, Alvira Gentile; Senior, Wanda Woitkoski.

On Monday, March 23, the juniors upset the seniors by 22 to 13. The junior-sophomore game, on Tuesday of the same week was a pushover, with the juniors winning 36 to 10. The seniors were victorious over the sophomores with a score of 24 to 10.

The climax of the Tournament came Monday, March 30, when the Seniors met the juniors to decide which would be the winner. It was a rough and tumble game, with Dorthea Miller getting completely knocked out. In the last quarter the juniors gained on the seniors, and when the game was finally over, the juniors had a score of 20, the seniors 18. Good work, juniors.

Bowling will soon be over and Wanda Woitkoski's score of 131 has yet to be beaten!

Badminton classes are forming to begin their spring games. Any one may join.



Glenora Fryer, a sophomore at Brenau College, has been elected to Alpha Delta, national journalistic fraternity. Formerly, a reporter of the "Alchemist", biweekly school paper, she has just been elected its new make-up editor.

Margaret Fake, honor student at the University of Vermont, has been named to the staff of the student publication, "Vermont Cynic."

Benedict Harawitz has been named to the Dean's List at Duke University.

Doris Vienneau, senior at Smith College, has been elected to the Massachusetts Zeta Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, national honor society. She is a member of the class choir and Glee club, and of the French, German and Physics Clubs. She has been on the Dean's List since her freshman year.

Carmen Pizzuto, a freshman in The College of Liberal Arts at Northeastern University, has been named to the Dean's List.

Edward Sullivan, a junior at St. Michael's College, Winooski Park, Vermont, is one of the four members of the collegiate debating society who made a trip to Massachusetts and New Hampshire recently.

Bruce Hainsworth, former editor of THE STUDENT'S PEN, has been elected junior editor of the "Tech News", student weekly of Worcester Polytechnic Institute. Bruce is also on the Dean's List.

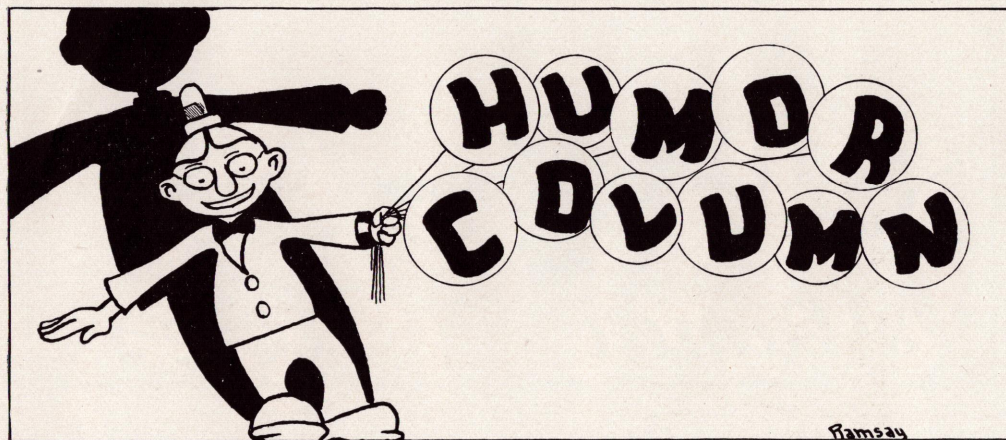
Marjorie Watkins, a sophomore at Skidmore College, was a member of the cast that presented "Alice in Wonderland" March 6 and 7.

William Zarvis, P. H. S. '34, a junior at Syracuse University where he is majoring in physical education and mathematics, has been promoted to the position of physical director of the Syracuse Boy's Club.

Featured in the New York Times Magazine of April 12 is an illustrated article on nursing. In a picture of a group of student nurses watching an operation is Marjorie Sayles, P. H. S., now in training at Presbyterian Hospital, Medical Center, New York.

Richard Kaufman has been named to the Dean's List at the University of Vermont, where he is a freshman.

Bruce Goewey is on the Dean's List for high scholastic standing at Colgate University.



1st Soph: "My father has Miles Stan-dish's sword."

2nd Soph: "That's nothing, my father has Adam's apple."

Proud Junior: "That handsome tall senior just spoke to me."

Bored Junior: "What did he say—'Get out of my way'?"

Smart Senior: "Did you hear about the man who invented the device for looking through walls?"

Dumb Soph: "No, what was it?"

Smart Senior: "Windows."

Mother (to young daughter who is going to a dance): Goodbye, dear—be a good girl and have a nice time.

Daughter: Mother, will you please make up your mind.

Miss Murphy—Correct this sentence: Girls is naturally better-looking than boys.

Witty Senior—Girls is artificially better-looking than boys.

THE LIMIT

Grammarians: I wonder if you understand what syntax is?

Friend: Is that taxed now?

BONERS FROM BRIGHT SENIORS

Horace was Johnson's faithful man servant.

Euripides is a well known Latin book.

Juvenal is a literary word that depicts ancient Italy.

Elizabeth Porter was a friend of Johnson's who lived on his charity.

The Royal Touch—the royalty in Johnson's day were supposed to be able to cure deceased persons by touching them.

PAGE DONALD DUCK

Pennsylvania was settled by the "Quackers" under Penn.

A young widow commissioned a monument worker to inscribe on her husband's tombstone: "My sorrow is more than I can bear."

Before the work was finished the widow married again, and the mason asked her if she still wanted the same inscription.

"Yes," she replied, "but just add the word 'alone' at the end."

Hitler says he wants to be a Bloodless Napoleon, but it seems as though he's turned out to be a bloody seizer.

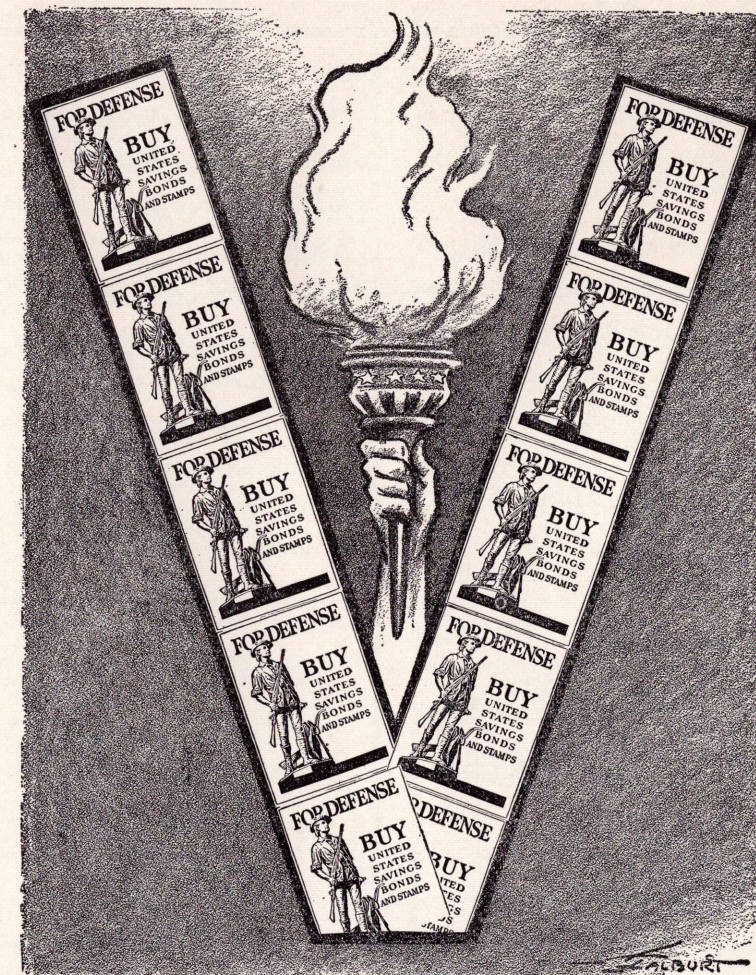
Hitler says he wants peace

A piece of Poland

A piece of France

A piece of England, etc.

PLEDGE TO VICTORY!



DSS-317 c

From Washington News.

Monday, April 20th, will start a red letter day in the history of Massachusetts, for at the appointed hour the greatest all-out effort on record will get under way in a voluntary pledge by every income-earning citizen to aid in financing America's war cost by the systematic and regular purchase of U. S. Defense Bonds and Stamps.

No worker will be overlooked. Systematically, block by block, in the cities and towns, and mile by mile in the rural areas, a vast army of Minute Men and Women will see that every income receiver is pledged to Bond and Stamp purchases on a regular and continuing basis.

And this money so lent the government in

time of war will go to buy the food, the guns, the tanks, the ships and planes, the ammunition and supplies, and to bridge the oceans so vital for the support of our Army, Navy, Marines and Air Corps in the total war in which we are engaged against the Axis powers.

Generally speaking, the Pledge campaign is aimed to reach every person in America who earns an income and to make of these income earners stockholders in their government by their purchase of a share in America.

Not only do they buy a share in America, but the persons who pledge their dimes and their dollars, as much as they can afford, be-

come the owners of the safest investment in the world-securities of the United States Treasury, backed by the government of the United States.

The wide-spread objective of the Treasury Department is three-fold:

First, to make every citizen a share-holder in America. Second, to raise money through voluntary purchase of Defense Bonds and Stamps to help meet the cost of war, and third, this money lent the Government in the war effort is taken out of competition for consumer goods, thereby preventing inflation and building up a cushion of savings for the individual when the war effort ceases.

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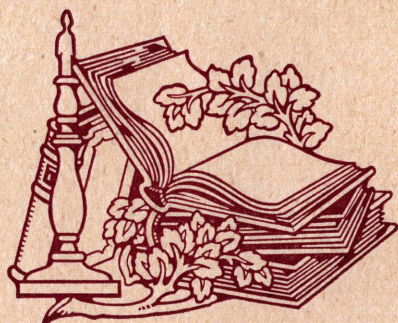
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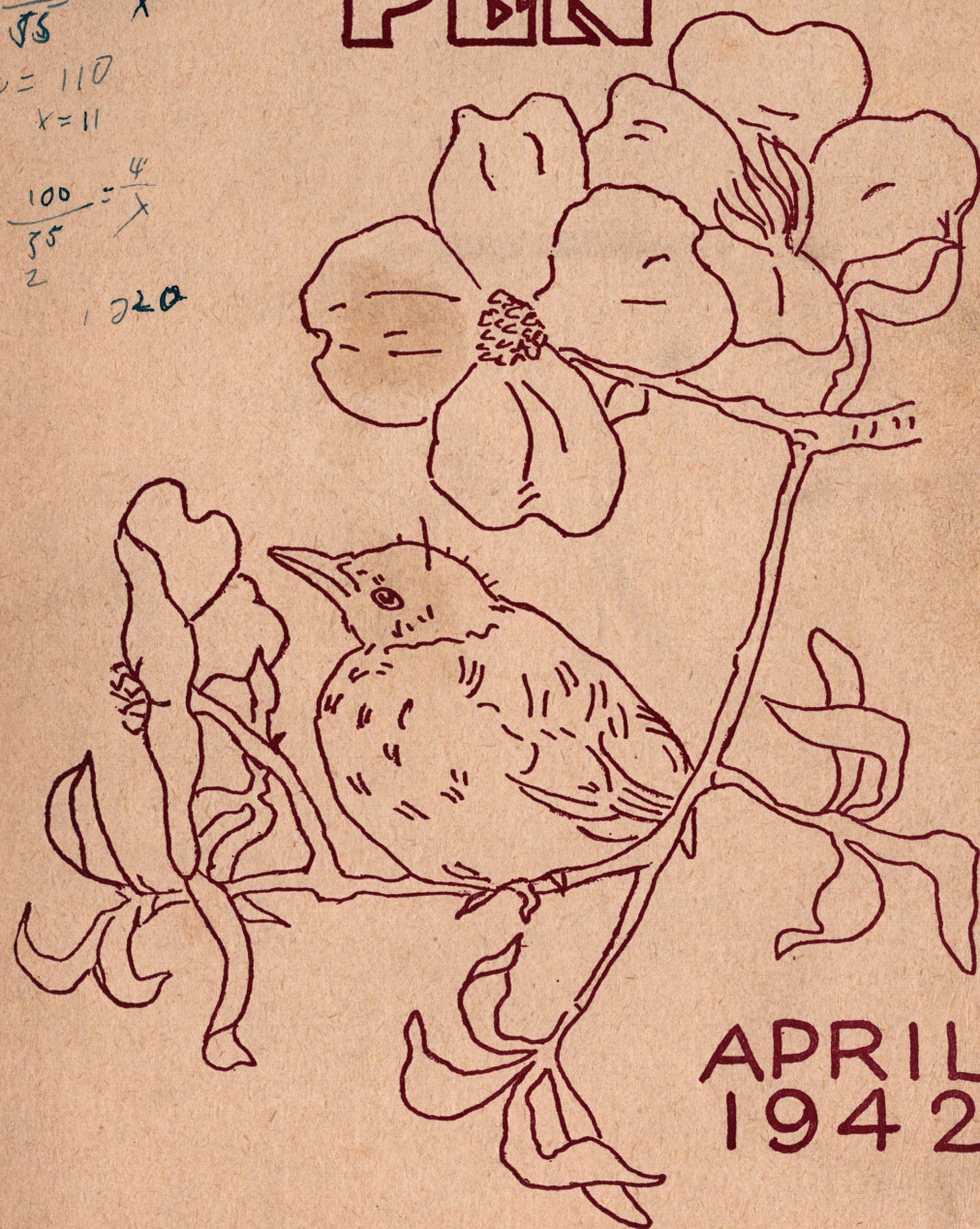
The STUDENTS PEN

$$\frac{10}{85} = \frac{2}{x}$$

$$10 = 110$$
$$x = 11$$

$$\frac{100}{35} = \frac{4}{x}$$

1220



APRIL
1942

Thomas
Weir Koski